

Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
 Yet if this seruile vsage once offend,
 Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going*
 Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe,
 My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
 As playes the Sunne vpon the glasse streames,
 Twinkling another counterfett beame,
 So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
 Faine would I woo her, yet I dare not speake:
 Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
 Eye De la Pote, disabie not thy selfe:
 Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?
 I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is such,
 'Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
 What ranfome must I pay before I passe?
 For I perceiue I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
 Before thou make a triall of her loue?
M. Why speak'st thou not? What ranfom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be wooed:
 She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranfome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
 Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were best to leaue him, for he will not heare.
Suf. Thereall is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at random: sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me:
Suf. Ile win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
 Why for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
 And peace established betwene these Realmes.
 But there remains a scruple in that too:
 For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
 Duke of *Anion* and *Mayne*, yet is he poore,
 And our Nobility will scorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdaine they nere so much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
 Madam, I haue a secret to reueale.
Mar. What though I be intral'd, he seems a knight
 And will not any way dishonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
 And then I need not craue his curtesie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tush, women haue bene captiuate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Qua*.
Suf. Say gentle Princeesse, would you not suppose
 Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
 Than is a slaue, in base serility:
 For Princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
 If happy Englands Royall King be free.
Mar. Why what concerns his freedome vnto mee?
Suf. Ile vnder take to make thee *Henries* Queene,
 To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
 And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
 If thou wilt condescend to be my
Mar. What?

Suf. His loue.
Mar. I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
 To woo so faire a Dame to be his wife,
 And haue no portion in the choice my selfe.
 How say you Madam, are ye so content?
Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Capitaines and our Colours forth,
 And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,
 Wee'l craue a parley, to conferre with him.
Sound. Enter *Reignier* on the Waller.
See Reignier see, thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
 I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
 Or to exclaime on Fortunes sicklenesse.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
 Consent, and for thy Honor giue consent,
 Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
 Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:
 And this her easie held imprisonment,
 Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinks?
Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,
 That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.
Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
 To giue thee answer of thy iust demand.
Suf. And heere I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Reignier*.

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
 Command in *Anion* what your Honor pleases.
Suf. Thanks *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Childe,
 Fit to be made companion with a King:
 What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite?
Reig. Since thou dost daigne to woo her little worth,
 To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
 Vpon condition I may quietly
 Enioy mine owne, the Countrey *Maine* and *Anion*,
 Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,
 My daughter shall be *Henries*, if he please.
Suf. That is her ranfome, I deliuer her,
 And those two Counties I will vnder take
 Your Grace shall well and quietly enioy.
Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
 As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
 Giue thee her hand for signe of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of France, I giue thee Kingly thanks,
 Because this is in Traffike of a King.
 And yet me thinks I could be well content
 To be mine owne Attorney in this case.
 Ile ouer then to England with this newes,
 And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
 So farewell *Reignier*, set this Diamond safe
 In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
 The Christian Prince King *Henry* were he heere.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & prayers,
 Shall Suffolke euer haue of *Margaret*. *She is going.*
Suf. Farewell sweet Madam: but hearken you *Margaret*,
 No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
 A Virgin, and his Seruant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,

But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
 No louing Token to his Maieesty?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,
 Neuer yet taint with loue, I send the King. *Kisse her.*
Suf. And this withall.
Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
 To send such pecuniary tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe: but *Suffolke* stay,
 Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
 There Minotours and vgly Treasons lurke,
 Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praise,
 Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art,
 Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,
 That when thou com'st to kneele at *Henries* feete,
 Thou mayest becaue him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*
Enter York, Warwick, Shephard, Pucell.
York. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.
Shep. Ah *Isabel*, this kills thy Fathers heart out-right,
 Haue I fought euery Country farre and neere,
 And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
 Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:
 Ah *Isabel*, sweet daughter *Isabel*, Ile die with thee.
Pucell. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
 I am descended of a gentler blood.
 Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so
 I did beget her, all the Parish knowes:
 Her Mother liueth yet, can testifie
 She was the first fruite of my Bachler-ship.
War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
York. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
 Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fye *Isabel*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
 God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
 And for thy sake haue I shed many a teare:
 Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Isabel*.
Pucell. Pezant auant. You haue suborn'd this man
 Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,
 The mome that I was wedded to her mother.
 Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrle.
 Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
 Of thy natiuitie: I would the Milke
 Thy mother gaue thee when thou suck't her brest,
 Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake.
 Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,
 I wish some rauenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
 Dost thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?
 O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
York. Take her away, for she hath liu'd too long,
 To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Pucell. First let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;
 Not me, begotten of a Shephard Swaine,
 But issued from the Progeny of Kings.
 Vertuous and Holy, chosen from above,
 By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,
 To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
 I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
 But you that are polluted with your lustes,
 Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
 Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
 Because you want the grace that others haue,
 You iudge it straight a thing impossible
 To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.

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